

Qu'Appelle Progress.

Vol. I, No. 3.

QU'APPELLE, ASSIN, NOV 27, 1885.—SIX PAGES.

Price Five Cents

The Qu'Appelle Progress

IS PUBLISHED BY

JAMES WEIDMAN

EVERY FRIDAY.

At THE PROGRESS Printing Office, in the Town of Qu'Appelle, Assiniboia, Canada.

The PROGRESS is a Weekly Journal of Local, Territorial, Canadian, British and Foreign News, and Progressive Politics.

Subscription price: \$1.00 per annum, invariably in advance; single copies 5 cents.

The rates for our advertising space by contract are as follows:

One	One	Three	One
week	month	months	year
One column	\$10.00	\$15.00	\$55.00
Half column	8.00	10.00	20.00
Quarter column	5.00	7.00	15.00
Three inches	3.00	5.00	10.00
Two inches	2.00	4.00	8.00

Business cards \$1.00 per month payable quarterly.

The above rates do not apply to auction sales, entertainments, bazaars, meetings, legal notices, or anything of a treasury nature. Transient advertisements, 10 cents per line first insertion, 5 cents per line each additional insertion. Yearly advertisements allowed to be changed monthly. If often, \$1.00 will be charged for each additional change.

Business local, 50 cents for first twenty-five words, 2 cents for each additional word.

The publisher reserves the right to refuse to insert advertisements of a questionable or objectionable character.

Address, JAMES WEIDMAN,
Qu'Appelle Station, Assin.

Notices,

NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that an application will be made on behalf of the NORTH WEST CENTRAL RAILWAY COMPANY at the next session of the Parliament of Canada, for an Act to extend or continue the Charter of the said North West Central Railway Company, already empowered to construct a Railway from Brandon to Battleford, and other points and places throughout the said construction and completion of fifty miles of the said Railway for one year further, or for such time as may be deemed necessary, and for other amendments and purposes.

Toronto, 20th Nov., 1885.

JAMES BEATTY,
President of N. W. C. R. C.

AVIS.

A VIS est par le présent donné que la demande sera faite de la part de "The North West Central Railway Company," à la prochaine session du Parlement du Canada, afin d'en obtenir une loi déclarant de continuer la charte de la dit "North West Central Railway Company" déjà ayant le pouvoir de construire un Chemin de fer de Brandon à Battleford et d'autres places, et de prolonger le temps pour la construction et pour l'exploitation de cinquante milles du dit chemin de fer, pour un ou plus, ou pour tel temps qu'on puisse penser nécessaire, et pour des autres amendements, et des autres intentions.

JAMES BEATTY,
President of N. W. C. R. C.
Toronto, 20th Nov. 1885.

Correspondence,

MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS

TO THE EDITOR.—

SIR; Allow me through your paper to briefly bring the above matter before your readers. Now that the year 1885 is failing away and all things municipal are about wound up for the present year, it behoves us as ratepayers to turn our attention to the fact that the time is drawing nigh when we shall be called upon to select a new council, and that selection is one of most importance, one that should engage the attention of every spirited and energetic taxpayer. That we should have good men, men of experience, and level headed men, none will deny. When we cast our eyes around us, and take a glance at our neighboring municipalities and see the way in which they have been neglected, the vast amount of debt they are now carrying in fact some of them being insolvent, we must conclude that it is the duty of every lover of his country to exert himself and see that the proper men are selected to represent us. It is true we have no cause to reflect, so far as, this municipality is concerned, our present council being the first, and having to organize and get the necessary municipal machinery in working order, having nothing to guide them save and except that complicated Northwest ordinance that would puzzle the head of constable Daniels, let alone that of an ordinary farmer. To say that these men have not done their duty would be ungrateful; but while we are willing to give credit for what we have received from our council as a body, it is at this season of the year that we should look at them individually, consider first their intelligence, integrity and business qualities, and choose those who are worthy of that important position. I would now suggest that the names of those who intend offering themselves as candidates should be made known, so that we (as poor electors who never expect to be made candidates) can select for ourselves those whom we may consider as worthy of that position. Come now you aspiring men; you who have been holding your breath so long; you who stand so high in your own estimation; you who were created as leaders of the people; come forward and lay down your platform, so that we may examine you in your true light, and with one voice select the proper parties to represent us. With your permission, Mr. Editor, I shall on some future occasion endeavor to draw attention to the past actions of some of the officials of our council, their mode of doing things, etc. The ratepayers pay them, and the ratepayers are the parties who should know what they do for their money.

NORTHWEST COUNCIL.

Regina, Monday, Nov. 16.—Very little business to-day. His Hon. took the chair at 2.45 p.m. The following motions were carried:

That all communications respecting the dissolution of the Ordinance No. 28, 1884 be laid on the table. Mover, Mr. Second; seconder, Judge Richardson.

Mr. Second moved for leave to introduce an Ordinance respecting the legal profession. Secd. by Col. McLeod. Moved by Mr. Second, seconded by Dr. Wilson, and adopted: That the mover have leave to introduce an Ordinance respecting the medical profession.

A Bill for the purpose of regulating the freedom of speech in capital matters was read a second time and committed to a committee of the

whole, with Judge Richardson in the chair.

Progress reported and the Bill referred to standing committee on Civil Justice.

On the motion of Col. McLeod the Council adjourned.

Tuesday, Nov. 17.—His Honor took the chair at 2.30. Also present: Judges Richardson, Rouleau and McLeod. Messrs. Gades, Perley, Marshallsay, Seccord, Jelly, Cunningham, Hughes, Ross, Jackson, &c.

A motion by Mr. Perley that he would move a committee be struck to examine and report on the Rail and Fence Ordinance was before the Council.

Lord Boyle moved for permission to bring in his ordinance with regard to wolves which His Honor declared carried, but there appeared a strong opposition. Mr. Jackson pointed out that he understood the members for Lorne in the event of Lord Boyle's ordinance, would bring in an ordinance for a bounty on rabbits in order to protect the young popular trees and that another hon. member wished a similar ordinance for a bounty on gophers.

Mr. Hughes stated he had no objection to the bill provided it was applied to the whole Territories.

The matter stood over. Adjourned.

RAPID CITY RIPPLES

—The Northwest Central is again loaning up.

—Mr. S. L. Head has gone to Ontario on a month's visit.

—The present terminus of the M. & N. W. Railway is called Solsigich. It is about seven miles from Birtle.

—Mr. D. M. Butchart has moved in from his homestead, and occupies the house on the corner of Second Avenue and Fourth Street,

—Elsewhere will be found an advertisement giving notice of an application to Parliament for a renewal of the charter to the Northwest Central Railway Company. It looks as if they meant business.

—Mr. and Mrs. Frost and child who lost their lives at the time of the wreck of the Algoma on Isle Royal, Lake Superior, were on their way to take up their residence in Rapid City. Mr. Frost was a brother-in-law of Mr. D. M. Butchart.

—The Minedosa Tribune, as ever, is very solicitous about the Standard, and as usual "puts its foot into it." The trouble is the Tribune is jealous of us, and fears that the continuance of the Standard will keep a few dollars out of his pocket. As to the question he asks, if his ignorance is such that he does not know the meaning of the word "published," we would refer him to Mr. Webster, who prints a dictionary, and if that gentleman cannot satisfy his obtuse mind, we are prepared to put up dollar for dollar with him to test the question before a court of law, though we have no doubt on the subject ourselves.

—Mr. F. C. Clemow, of Ottawa, gives notice that at the next session of Parliament he will apply for a charter to construct a railway over the ground covered by the charter of the Manitoba Central or South and Rocky Mountain Railway. This is the road which Mr. James Beatty, M. P. undertook to build, but Mr. Clemow says that the Beatty charter has lapsed and that there is very little chance of its being renewed, and hence he wants to occupy the territory. The line proposed is to run from some point near Brandon to Battleford and Edmonton. That was the route on which it was formerly proposed to construct the main Pacific railway.

—Indeed.

—Yes, sir. What do you mean by saying the former price was five dollars?

—But it was.

—During the war? —Philadelphia Call.

—The swallow migrates from Western Africa to Great Britain every spring, remaining there about six months. The swallow goes all over the world, even so far north as Norway and Lapland. During their migration swallows have been repeatedly known to settle upon the rigging of vessels, apparently suffering from extreme exhaustion, and after remaining a night to rest renew their journey refreshed and invigorated. They invariably return to the tropics for winter.

COUNCIL MINUTES.

NORTH QU'APPELLE.

Council met at Fort Qu'Appelle on the 14th inst.

Present.—Councillors Cruthers, Crow, Hayward, Smith and Clark. The minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed.

Letter from Qu'Appelle Agricultural Society asking for a grant in aid of the '85 annual show.

Letter from Hudson's Bay Co. offering to hand over to the Municipality the bridge that they had erected at Fort Qu'Appelle, across the Qu'Appelle River on certain conditions.

Letter enclosing account for lumber supplied on account of Spring Creek bridge, \$21.84.

H. B. Joyner's account for rent from July to Nov. 31, \$42.50.

A. Wright's account for repairs to culverts, \$6.90.

R. D. Richardson's account for furs for collector.

Sutherland & Atherton's account for picks, &c., \$4.95; stationery, \$1.40.

S. Brodie for surveying proposed cemetery, and plans, \$1.75.

R. Olive's account for plans, &c., \$1.50.

E. Mutch's account for repairs to culverts, \$2.00.

Proctor Bros' account for printing, \$20.70.

The following reports were presented:

Roads and Bridges. Your committee have examined the annexed accounts, and recommend that the same be paid, viz.: A. W. Wright, \$6.90; E. W. Mutch \$2.00; Richard Olive, \$15.50; Sutherland & Atherton, \$4.95; Thomson & Nelson, \$21.84. Adopted.

Finance. Your committee beg to report that since the last meeting of Council the collector, Mr. G. G. Goline, has given the necessary bond, and entered upon his duties. With regard to the cemetery, we beg leave to state that the plan of the ground has been forwarded to the Hudson's Bay Co. (land department) for approval. The following accounts we recommend to be paid: H. B. Joyner, \$42.50; S. Brodie, \$17.00; Proctor Bros, \$20.70; Sutherland & Atherton, \$1.40; and your committee desire that the account of R. D. Richardson be left over till next meeting. Adopted.

In answer to Councillor Hayward, the chairman stated that in view of the lateness of the season it would not be advisable to replace the present culverts in the north coules with more permanent structures. The Voters' List was laid on the table by the clerk.

Moved by Councillors Hayward and Crowe, that the Voters' List for 1885 as presented be confirmed. Carried.

Moved by Councillors Hayward and Crowe, that 100 copies of the Voters' List be printed. Carried.

New York Bargain.

Irate Customer.—See here, sir, when I was over last week I bought a silk dress pattern of you at two dollars a yard and you said the former price was five dollars.

—Exactly. Well my wife says the stuff has been selling in Philadelphia at \$1.50 a yard.

—Indeed.

—Yes, sir. What do you mean by saying the former price was five dollars?

—But it was.

—During the war? —Philadelphia Call.

Publisher's Notice.

OUR RATES.

Subscription price; \$1.00 per annum, invariably in advance; single copies 5 cents.

The rates for our advertising space by contract are as follows:

	One	Two	Three	One	Two	Three
	week	month	months	year	year	years
One column	\$10.00	\$15.00	\$25.00	\$100.00	\$150.00	\$250.00
Half column	8.00	10.00	20.00	60.00	80.00	120.00
Quarter column	5.00	7.00	15.00	40.00	55.00	80.00
Three columns	3.00	5.00	10.00	30.00	45.00	60.00
Two inches	2.00	4.00	8.00	20.00	30.00	40.00

Business card: \$1.00 per month payable quarterly.

The above rates do not apply to auction sales, entertainments, tenders, meetings, legal notices, or anything of a trajectory nature. Trajectory advertisements, 10 cents per line first insertion, 5 cents per line each additional insertion. Yearly advertisements allowed to be changed monthly, if often \$1.00 will be charged for each additional change.

Business card: 50 cents for first twenty-five words, 2 cents for each additional word.

The publisher reserves the right to refuse to insert advertisements of a questionable or objectionable character.

RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT FOR THE TERRITORIES.

While making his recent tour through the Northwest, the Hon. Thos. White, Minister of the Interior, committed himself to the principle of representation of the territories in the Commons and Senate of the Dominion. This will be a large measure of responsible government, and if the number of members given is in proportion to the vastness of the territory and the interests to be represented, we will have no cause for complaint so far as Dominion affairs are concerned.

But the popular cry seems to be for full responsibility in the administration of our local matters. Though this may be very desirable, we think it would be well to make haste slowly in respect to provincial government, if it is to cost the people of the Northwest in the same proportion as it does those of Manitoba. Rather than be saddled with the burdensome taxation imposed on the people of that province, it would be better to remain as we are for some little time at least. In saying this much, we do not wish to be considered as being opposed to a well considered system of responsible administration of our local affairs. We should profit by the experience of our eastern neighbor, and hesitate before imposing upon ourselves heavier burdens than we can well bear. We have now a very simple system of municipal government, and we think that a scheme of provincial administration should be devised that would be as inexpensive and simple as possible, and at the same time directly responsible to the people. There has already been some discussion on this subject among the press and people of the territories, and the question should not lag for want of further handling, through indifference or any other cause. The agitation should be kept up and practical proposals offered. It is not enough merely to demand provincial government, which in any case means the election of a Legislature, the appointment of a Cabinet, and the removal of the Lieutenant-Governor from the active administration of affairs. The people should be educated into such a lively interest in their political matters as will cause them to require of the representatives they elect the inauguration of an efficient and simple Administration, whose chief object will be the welfare of the country, rather than their own aggrandisement, and the drawing of as large salaries as possible. The Northwest Council is not as representative as it should be. When first instituted its composition answered the purpose intended, but the time has come when the appointed members should be eliminated and the number of

representatives increased in proportion to the population. The proposition has been made to establish one government on the provincial plan for the whole of the territories. This, we think, would lead to confusion ultimately, unless they should be retained as one province for all time. Even then it would be undesirable. Sectional differences would arise, and laws that would be suitable in one portion of this vast region would be unworkable in another part. It would be preferable that each territory start from the beginning on its own account so soon as it is deemed by the people of the district that they can bear the burden. Meantime let us make the most of our Territorial Council; increase our elective strength in it as fast as influx of population will allow, and bring all possible influence to bear on the Dominion Government to increase its administrative powers, and hence largely curtail the one-man power which seems so objectionable. We shall follow up this subject further in future issues.

THE N. W. CENTRAL RY. CO.

Though the charter of the Northwest Central Railway Company has lapsed, it would seem that it is their intention still to go on with the construction of their proposed railway. From a private source we learn that Mr. Beatty, the President of the Company, says that the road will be in operation to Rapid City by July next. To accomplish this, a new charter will have to be obtained. It is to be hoped that this Company will succeed in carrying forward their project. With their starting point being Brandon, and running through Rapid City and Fort Ellice, thence westward, serving the country north of the Qu'Appelle valley, it will open up a magnificent portion of the Northwest, and will be a great boon to the settlers along the proposed route. When the Hon. Thos. White, the Minister of the Interior was making a tour of the country around Fort Qu'Appelle, he referred to the Northwest Central Railway Company, and said that their line would run about ten miles north of the Fort, and he believed that they would succeed in raising the money to go on with the road. In the interest of the settlers all along the intended route, it is very desirable that the Government should extend them every possible aid, so that the great need of the country, i.e. more railways, may be still further supplied.

In this connection we notice another applicant for a charter over the same route. Surely the road will be built when there are competitors seeking for the privilege.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

It is proposed to adopt the ballot in municipal elections in the Northwest.

Calgary's council and Judge Travis are at loggerheads, because the latter sent one of the town councilors to jail for violating the Northwest Liquor Act. Moral—to keep out of jail, don't break the law.

The representatives for Qu'Appelle are very active members of the Northwest Council. Mr. Jackson takes the most active part in municipal amendments and Mr. Percy takes a deep interest in the School Act.

The Collector of Customs at the Port of Winnipeg by liberal incivility

and arbitrary and unjust rulings, has got all Winnipeg down on him. His continuance in office will be an injury to the Conservative party, and we are of the opinion that when the matter is fully brought before the Hon. Mr. Bowell, Minister of Customs, that the boorish Collector will be removed.

There have been no disturbances of a serious nature in Quebec over the execution of Riel. There has been considerable agitation, but the excitement has been confined to the burning of effigies and denunciation of members of the Government. The excitement will soon calm down, and it is not likely to make much difference by the time the next general election comes round.

—The naval supplies sent from Liverpool to Victoria, B. C., crossed this continent over the C. P. R. in a week. This shows that our Canadian road may be safely depended upon by the Imperial Government in case of necessity. Months would have elapsed before these supplies could have reached British Columbia by any other way. In constructing the C. P. R. Canada has paid off her indebtedness to the Empire. The balance of obligation is rather on the other side of the ledger now.—Free Press.

LIFEBOATS.

Parts of Louisiana Where They Are Considered a Necessity.

There is a railroad not a thousand miles away from New Orleans which is covered with water nearly the entire year; in fact, whenever a stiff shower of rain falls the road goes under. The trainmen have become so accustomed to sliding through about two feet of water at the rate of eight or nine miles an hour that they imagine they are leading a sailor's life, and when they walk they swagger and roll. Come one side to the other, and hitch up their trunks at regular intervals, they converse with each other.

Not long ago a passenger boarded a train on the road, and when the porter came through the car he inquired how long it took to reach his destination. Brought him about six miles upstream. "I can't say," said the porter, "but I know where we are." He stopped at a station, where various crews are trained, and after the porter had said a few words, the porters took batches of plants (tulips, hyacinths, camellias) in full bloom, while winter still reigned outside; the constant warm temperature inside being favorable to their maturing. That continental fashion of living in this much warmth here. Sleepy grooms are not invariably nameless in proportion to the reception rooms; but it is little of things naturally improves with the increase of civilization.—Temple Bar.

Life in St. Petersburg.

People here all arm themselves for the winter. There can be no question as to its severity. Indeed, one would be inclined to imagine it were almost welcomed as a friend, for keen disappointment is expressed when the snow is tardy in falling. After the heavy rains which fall in the late autumn snow roads are almost a necessity of existence. If frost suddenly sets in before they are made, it is under great difficulties that the country people bring supplies to the metropolis; the price of provisions rises in proportion, and distress ensues. Doubtless winters are universal; they are an absolute necessity for the withdrawal of fresh air, one pane in every window is left so that it may be opened at pleasure. The rest of the window is so tightly secured that not a breath of air can enter. This gives a comfortable sense of temperature even during the severest of winters, and heating by means of stoves may then be discontinued for some time.

The interior of a Russian house is not familiar to all, so, in order to give the Lar's and Peppes, we will enter the sacred domain first, promising that a walk in St. Petersburg or Moscow is exceedingly comfortable. A tall, portly Russian porter, admits you when a footman opens up a mostly spacious, hand one star, case, often of marble, and after passing through the usual double doors, you are introduced into an anteroom where you leave your inevitable garment—your coat cloak. The reception rooms are then entered, and these often seem interminable, eight or nine in number in the houses of the Palaces or English dukes are not uncommon, generally opening into one another. The small parquets of the rooms are often very beautiful—the floor polisher is an important institution. A Russian, of course, sees rooms are richly carpeted and do justice to the loans of Turkey and Persia. The silk or damask curtains, wall hangings, and coverings for the ottomans are superb. All is luxurious, vases of lapis-lazuli, porphyry and marble, pictures and objets of art in general are proportionate. The Russians are very fond of promenading through their suites of apartments, and ample space is left for this purpose. The Winter Palace is so large, every convenient room is used, and is surrounded by the charms of warmer climates, while, alone where various crews are trained, are introduced the porters, who are in full bloom, while winter still reigns outside; the constant warm temperature inside being favorable to their maturing. That continental fashion of living in this much warmth here. Sleepy grooms are not invariably nameless in proportion to the reception rooms; but it is little of things naturally improves with the increase of civilization.—Temple Bar.

Bier by the Gallon.

The *Journal of Applied Sciences* gives some detailed information as to the production of beer, the number of breweries, and the consumption of beer per head of the population in the different countries of Europe:

Country	No. of Breweries	Per Capita Consumption
Great Britain	1,600,000	60.00
Germany	300,000	25.00
Austria	150,000	20.00
Belgium	150,000	20.00
France	150,000	20.00
Spain	20,000	5.00
Ireland	20,000	5.00
Denmark	20,000	4.00
Norway	20,000	4.00
Sweden	20,000	3.00
Portugal	15,000	3.00

Of the 23,000 breweries in the German empire, Bavaria alone had, when the last returns were made, 6,724, while in Prussia the number of breweries has fallen from 10,000 to 7,216, though the quantity of beer brewed has diminished. Berlin, which supplies nearly all the beer drunk in that city, had in 1876 only forty-nine breweries, but they were on so large a scale that they made, on an average, nearly 1,000,000 gallons each. The same is the case in Saxony, where the production of beer has declined during the last forty years, while the number of breweries has diminished. Nearly a fourth of the Austrian beer is brewed in Bohemia, and the imports of beer continue to diminish, while the quantity exported is seven or eight times greater than it was twenty years ago.

Death of a Noted Duelist.

[Columbia (S. C.) Cor. S. & V. Express.]

Sear the small town of Arlington, in the northern section of the State, Dr. Dewey Drake died yesterday, in his seventy-second year. The deceased was the greatest duelist of his time. During a professional career in Mississippi, from 1858 to 1868, he fought seven duels, in four of which he killed his adversary, and in two of which he was badly wounded himself. For many years he was a writer for the press, and his criticisms of men and measures were often harsh and unkind. He took special delight in provoking prominent men to quarrels, and enjoyed the thing still more when his victims were goaded on to challenge him. He was a most skillful swordsman, having acquired the art from a celebrated teacher in Paris. He was also an unsurpassed marksman with a pistol or rifle. Immediately after the war he was well abroad several hundred thousand dollars. He went abroad in 1870, and came to New Orleans last year, penniless and destitute. He was suffering with an incurable malady, and returned him to his home and provided him with medical attendants and every luxury. His dissolution caused no remark, for the public had forgotten the famous Mississippi duelist.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

Fanny Fern's once popular books are now out of print.

Will Carleton is rambling through Europe, seeking fresh poetical inspirations.

John King, Jr., will get \$20,000 a year salary as President of the Erie Railroad.

Mother Goose was born in 1635, and her maiden name was Elizabeth Foster. In 1633 she was married to Isaac Goose. The first edition of her rhymes was published in 1710, and her death occurred in 1725.

Miss Louisa Sheldren of Walnut Grove, Ga., dreamed three times of a handsome young man with a red necktie, who pointed out to her the spot where a treasure was buried. She found the place, and dug up a tin box full of gold coins. So it's said.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

Arizona has 10,000,000 feet of pine timber in a forest near its center. A single concern has cut 30,000,000 feet in the last year.

The increase in the population of Paris since 1870 has been 241,122. The total population is now 2,235,928. In 1870 the total was 1,988,806.

The annual consumption of imported and domestic cigars is sixty to every man, woman and child in the United States.—*Chicago Herald*.

New York sells annually about 100,000 pounds of butter, of which the Commissioner of Agriculture claims over one-half is bogus.—*N. Y. Sun*.

HEALTH AND WEALTH.

Two Conditions Which Have Many Points in Common.

Health and wealth have many points in common; first of all in their very names. To have health is to be well; to have wealth is also to be well—well off.

Wealth is for the most part got in three ways—by inheritance, by self-made, by care, labor and attention; often by some combination of these three. Wealth is lost by extravagant expenditure or by carelessness and neglect.

Health may also be lost in these three ways. A man may inherit it from his ancestors, he may gain or keep it by dietary, apparel for luxuries and drink, and for excesses of all kinds; he may tax his body to work for it, by painstaking exercise, and a constant supervision over his habits. In fact, unless a man has inherited a large and vigorous stock of health, he must do as he has to do to keep it.

Again, health like wealth is that a man may accumulate health not only without wronging his body, but in doing so actually benefit the world. A man who gives up a sedentary, slovenly, dissolute life will have a good deal more health than the man who leads a sedentary, slovenly, dissolute life. Health and wealth are closely connected, and the connection between health and wealth is close, so close that if he spends his wealth lavishly and recklessly on luxuries and dissipations places him into the mire of health with his wealth.

Again, health like wealth is that a man may regenerate health not only without wronging his body, but in doing so actually benefit the world. A man who gives up a sedentary, slovenly, dissolute life will have a good deal more health than the man who leads a sedentary, slovenly, dissolute life. Health and wealth are closely connected, and the connection between health and wealth is close, so close that if he spends his wealth lavishly and recklessly on luxuries and dissipations places him into the mire of health with his wealth.

Again, health like wealth is that a man may accumulate wealth if he leads a sedentary, slovenly, dissolute life, without wronging his body, and the wealth he gains may be used to do good to others, or to himself, or to his health, whatever be the case. Health and wealth are closely connected, and the connection between health and wealth is close, so close that if he spends his wealth lavishly and recklessly on luxuries and dissipations places him into the mire of health with his wealth.

Again, health like wealth is that a man may accumulate wealth if he leads a sedentary, slovenly, dissolute life, without wronging his body, and the wealth he gains may be used to do good to others, or to himself, or to his health, whatever be the case. Health and wealth are closely connected, and the connection between health and wealth is close, so close that if he spends his wealth lavishly and recklessly on luxuries and dissipations places him into the mire of health with his wealth.

Again, health like wealth is that a man may accumulate wealth if he leads a sedentary, slovenly, dissolute life, without wronging his body, and the wealth he gains may be used to do good to others, or to himself, or to his health, whatever be the case. Health and wealth are closely connected, and the connection between health and wealth is close, so close that if he spends his wealth lavishly and recklessly on luxuries and dissipations places him into the mire of health with his wealth.

Again, health like wealth is that a man may accumulate wealth if he leads a sedentary, slovenly, dissolute life, without wronging his body, and the wealth he gains may be used to do good to others, or to himself, or to his health, whatever be the case. Health and wealth are closely connected, and the connection between health and wealth is close, so close that if he spends his wealth lavishly and recklessly on luxuries and dissipations places him into the mire of health with his wealth.

Again, health like wealth is that a man may accumulate wealth if he leads a sedentary, slovenly, dissolute life, without wronging his body, and the wealth he gains may be used to do good to others, or to himself, or to his health, whatever be the case. Health and wealth are closely connected, and the connection between health and wealth is close, so close that if he spends his wealth lavishly and recklessly on luxuries and dissipations places him into the mire of health with his wealth.

OUR TERMS.

We have placed our yearly subscription at the low rate of ONE DOLLAR, with the object of enforcing advance payment. We can much better afford to publish a paper at that price when we know that every paper going out is paid for, than if we took the chances of collecting accounts at a higher figure. Besides we will thus speedily secure a larger circulation, which will enhance the value of our advertising columns. So dear reader send us your name and a dollar, and get your neighbor to subscribe, and you will obtain full value for your money in interesting reading from now till January 1st, 1887.

Liberies,

DOOLITTLE'S

LIVERY

Feed and Sale Stable,
QU'APPELLE ST.

Single and Double Rigs for Hire.

FREIGHTING A SPECIALTY

ALL KINDS OF COAL
Kept Constantly on Hand at the Lowest Prices.

Cash Paid for Hides & Skins
QU'APPELLE.

L. W. MULHOLLAND

LIVERY,

Feed and Sale Stable
For First Class Rigs.

Daily Mail Stage to Fort Qu'Appelle.
QU'APPELLE STATION.

Harnessmaker.

Harness & Saddlery

The undersigned wishes to inform the public of Qu'Appelle and vicinity that he has now on hand the

Largest & Best Assorted Stock
West of Brandon

CONSISTING OF

Harness, Saddles, Whips

BELLS, BLANKETS,
Cirengles, Combs and Brushes.

ALL KINDS & SIZES OF
Trunks and Valises.

Agent for Carriage & Buggy Tops

REMEMBER THE PLACE

Pioneer Harness Shop

QU'APPELLE.
JOHN B MILLIKEN.

Miscellaneous.

THOMSON & NELSON

FORWARDERS.

AND DEALERS IN

Lumber, Lath, Shingles

DOORS, SASH

Building Paper, etc.

Office West of C.P.R. Station,

QU'APPELLE.

BRANCH at FORT QU'APPELLE.

A. S. EMPEY,

DEALER IN

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

QU'APPELLE.

GEORGE H. V. BULYEA,

Insurance & General Agent,

AND DEALER IN

Flour, Oats, Bran, Shorts, Oatmeal, Cracked Wheat, Graham Fleur, etc., etc.

SPECIAL PRICES ON WHOLESALE LOTS.

QU'APPELLE, N.W.T.

THE LELAND HOUSE.

QU'APPELLE STATION.

Love & Raymond,

PROPRIETORS.

Rebuilt, Enlarged, Renovated, Everything New and First-Class Throughout.

SUITS FOR FAMILIES.

TERMS MODERATE.

S. H. CASWELL,

GENERAL STORE

BANK,

POST OFFICE,

TROY, N.W.T.

The Canada North-West Land Co.

(LIMITED.)

Offer for Sale

SELECTED FARM LANDS

in Manitoba and the North-West Territories,

Near the Canadian Pacific Railway Main Line

A large proportion of this Company's Lands is in thickly settled Districts.

For information, Prices and Maps, apply at the offices of the Company, 14 Castle street, Edinburgh, Scotland; 76 Lombard street, London, England; 121 Main street, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

W. B. SCARTH

MANAGING DIRECTOR FOR CANADA.

Canadian Pacific Railway Town Lots.

THE TOWN SITE TRUSTEES OFFER FOR SALE

Building Sites at all Stations on Main Line of above Railway
Between Brandon and Calgary

W. B. SCARTH, Trustee,

AGENT IN QU'APPELLE FOR LANDS AND TOWN LOTS

LESLIE ORDON,

NEW GOODS - NEW GOODS

AT GOLDSTINE & BEAUCHAMP'S.

Call and Examine our Stock consisting of

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING,

Boots & Shoes, Gents' Furnishings,

FURS OF ALL KINDS

Hardware, Groceries, Crockery, Glassware, &c.

Our Stock is now complete in the above Lines, and our Prices will compare favorably with any other house in the North-West.

Give us a Call and see for yourself.

Goldstine & Beauchamp.

QUEEN'S HOTEL

IN THE

TOWN OF QU'APPELLE.

The Leading House in the West.

JOHNSTON & DAVIDSON,

PROPRIETORS

FURNITURE. FURNITURE.

HAVING LATELY SECURED

Two Cars of First Class Furniture!

I am prepared to meet the wants of all my customers in this line

AT PRICES THAT DEFY COMPETITION.

GIVE ME A CALL.

GEO. H. V. BULYEA, QU'APPELLE.

SPICY! PITHY! NEWSY!

THE

Qu'Appelle Progress

IS PUBLISHED

Every Friday Morning,

AT THE OFFICE, QU'APPELLE STATION.

SIX PAGES. THIRTY COLUMNS.

Subscription \$1.00 a Year Invariably in Advance

More Reading for Less Money than any other Paper in the North West.

THE

Book & Job Printing

DEPARTMENT

EXECUTES

Every Description of Printing

NEATLY, CHEAPLY & QUICKLY.

Subscribe for THE PROGRESS. Only one dollar from now till Jan. 1, 1887. Six pages; thirty columns. More reading for less money than any other paper in the Northwest.

Continued Story.

Grace Liburne's Secret.

A Story of Two Christmas Days

You are anticipating too much. You must prepare yourself for the reverse of happy. What made my hair turn white in a single week can bring you no comfort nor satisfaction.

"Was Kate the cause of your white hair?" asked Roland in unfeigned surprise.

"Yes; last Christmas Eve I was as free from grey hairs as you are. Now look at me!"

"But how did it happen? Why are you so mysterious? Why don't you deal frankly with me?"

"My mother will tell you all that you need to know," was the answer. "I only warn you to anticipate evil rather than good."

Roland felt a chill come over him. It was not the keen air of early spring that made him shiver, but the cold feeling of dread and anxiety that Fairfield's voice caused him.

For despite all reasoning to the contrary he had cherished the hope that when he reached Mrs. Fairfield's cottage he would clasp Kate Liburne to his heart.

When he glanced at the white hair of his companion, however, and heard what was the cause assigned for it, he felt so too well convinced that some dark tragedy had linked itself with the fate of his beloved.

For the rest of the journey the two men were silent, one was too sad, and the other was too nervously anxious to talk.

It was a large handsome cottage at the gate of which they drew up, and as they walked towards the door it was covered by Mrs. Fairfield herself.

She was a tall, fine-looking woman, comparatively young-looking still, and very like her son, though her dark-brown hair as yet showed no sign of approaching age.

There was deference rather than humility in her manner, as she gravely invited Mr. Ayre to enter, while she herself led him into a comfortably furnished sitting-room.

The young man eagerly glanced round the apartment as though he hoped to see someone, but if so he was disappointed; there was not a single sign of anybody having been in the room save the woman to whom it belonged.

"I have told Mr. Ayre that you could never tell him the secret of Miss Kate," said Fairfield, when they were all seated; "but perhaps it will be as well if he tells you first how Kate disappeared and what steps have been taken to find her; you will then be better able to connect his part of the story with the little you know."

Roland almost fumed with impatience. He longed to get over the old ground again, he wanted to know all about what they could tell him.

But Mrs. Fairfield, though very polite, was likewise very firm.

Moreover, she was suspicious.

She was suspicious even of her own son, and as Roland, finding no escape, began to tell the story of that Christmas night over again, she more than once interrupted him with questions.

"And when the search was being made you heard nothing about any bairn in the west turret, did you?" asked Mrs. Fairfield with a searching glance. "Certainly not; where such a thing is, it is easily hidden."

"There was formerly—at least, so I hear from my son—though I never heard of it in all the years I lived at the castle, and I don't think Mr. Liburne himself knew of it; but Frank assures that Miss Grace did."

"Grace!" exclaimed his lordship in sudden dismay; "are you sure she knew of it?"

"I am quite sure," here interposed the young engineer, "for I once showed it to her, and threatened to throw her into the shaft below. Of course I only meant to frighten her, but she was always getting me into scrapes with her deceitful tongue, and I thought I would put a stop to it."

Roland clasped his hands over his burning brows.

He remembered now how Grace had induced her sister to hide, and how she had afterwards denied all knowledge of her whereabouts.

Yes, it all came back to his memory now, even to the dust and dirt which he had noticed on her white satin dress, and to which he had called her attention.

At length he started to his feet, exclaiming:

"Let us go to Silverton Castle at once; there is not a moment to be lost. That infamous girl may be starving her sister to death; quick—quick, or we may be too late!"

But Mrs. Fairfield said calmly as she also rose to her feet:

"I will do my best to help you, Mr. Ayre, but if I help you, you must help me, and I have a matter here that troubles me as much as Kate Liburne's disappearance troubles you. Will you come this way, and tell me what it is best for me to do?"

And she was leading the way to a door that opened into another room when Roland exclaimed:

"I will do anything you require when Kate is once found, but I must go to Silverton Castle."

And he was turning towards the opposite door, the one by which he had entered, when he was arrested by Mrs. Fairfield's calm voice saying:

"It is useless your going to Silverton Castle without me, and you must give me your advice at once. Come."

Then she led the way into the further room, and he, after a momentary hesitation, followed her.

Better to wish the dead,
Whom we to gain our peace, have sent to
peace.
Than to live the torture of the mind to life.

In neither case is there a gain.

If lavish profusion, recklessness of cost,

and carefully planned amusements

could make any social entertainment a

great success, this second Christmas

Day at Silverton Castle must certainly

have put all other events of the kind

to the shade.

The room and furniture were not

so well cared for as the rest; it is

true for Grace had given orders that

they should put off their merry-making

till after she was married, when they

could eat and drink, dance and sing, to

their hearts' content.

All the guest-chambers in the castle

were full, and the eight bridesmaids

who were to attend the bride, the

two sisters, the maid-of-honor, the

two sisters-in-law, each one of

the eight looking forward to the time

when she herself should take the lead-

ing part in a similar ceremony.

Grace Liburne had not been very

judicious in the selection of her brides-

maids.

The pretty desire to triumph over her

friends and to create envy and jealousy

among them, however, had led her to

choose Miriam Hindman, a brilliant, brazen, bold woman who rumor

whispered had won Victor Gayherd's

heart.

Victor Gayherd had objected to Miriam being invited, and had suggested a

a more modest替代人。

"But how did it happen? Why are you so mysterious? Why don't you deal

Frankly with me?" asked Miriam Hindman boldly.

Grace looked after her for one moment

with a scornful scowl then turned away without deigning to utter one word of rebuke.

She noticed, however, that her father was eager and nervous, and possibly excited, and that he looked younger and stronger than he had done for some months past.

"Surely papa does not think of marrying that horrid girl," Grace exclaimed as she watched her father and Miriam talking together in a confidential and off-hand manner.

"I shouldn't think he'd have the chance," returned Victor; "she's an uncommonly nice girl."

"On yes, I know you think there is nobody like her," sneered Grace.

"At any rate, I didn't invite her here," retorted the young man angrily.

"Well, no, you couldn't very well, as it is my father's house," she replied.

"But I wonder since you admire her so much you don't marry her."

"I am like your father in that respect; I haven't the chance," he said coldly.

Then he crossed the room and joined the couple whom they had been talking.

Grace was very angry, but she did not follow him, and soon after this first gong sounded—a hint that it was time to dress for dinner.

Miriam Hindman, instead of going upstairs like the other girls, sauntered into a little study she knew of where she could sit in quietness and privacy.

Despite her assumption of cheerfulness and high spirits, her heart was fast and heavy.

Victor Gayherd had been the one of love of her life, and though they had parted in peace and anger more than a year ago, and just before her father had made his greater part of his fortune, she had never succeeded her friend in returning to her.

But this hope had died out now, for he was pledged to become the husband of another before twenty-four hours had passed.

She had seated herself on a hassock before the fire, her hands clasping her knees, her head buried in her hands, and she was thinking mournfully of the man she still loved so well.

"He will have a very miserable life," she mused, "particularly so if Grace does not get the large fortune she anticipates; and he will, no doubt, often wish he had not taken me at my word when I told him to go and find a richer wife. At no price think me bright and witty; I am a simpleton."

"I was almost enough to drive a girl crazy, and yet I am the most

despised woman in this house to-night—yes, quite the most miserable!"

Her meditations were here interrupted by an arm being clasped round her waist, and by some member of the opposite sex very energetically kissing her.

She looked up, struggled to her feet, and recognizing her companion, she exclaims passingly:

"Victor, how dare you insult me like this?"

"I only kissed you under the mistletoe," he pleaded with mock humility, holding up a sprig of the white-tipped plant.

"Under the mistletoe!" she exclaimed with increasing anger. "I wonder we are not ashamed to look me in the face. I wonder you dare come into a room where I am alone."

"Well, it is a risky thing to do," he replied recklessly; "but I wanted to speak to you, and I may not have another chance."

"That is highly probable. What have you to say?"

"I want to know why you came here."

"I came because I was invited," was the hasty reply.

"You had some other reason," he persisted.

"I had two or three other reasons."

"One of them was to kiss me," he said.

"One of them was to think of marrying that waxen-faced doll while you are at it."

"O dear me, I am not so vain; besides, you don't know that I am free;

but since you are so curious I don't mind telling you that I came here with the purpose of meeting Kate Liburne to-night."

"Kate Liburne!" she repeated incredulously. "Are you out of your mind? There is no such person living as Kate Liburne."

"Well, perhaps she is married, and has changed her name, still she won't have lost her identity."

"And you really came here hoping to meet Kate and not me? be asked sardonically, as he stepped close to her side.

"Why should I want to see you?" she asked decently. "You are nothing to me."

"And yet you are all the world to me, Miriam—my love, my life. Only say the word and we will fly together, and I will break the hateful bonds that bind me to Grace, whom I have never loved!"

Holding her to his bosom, and straining her to his heart; but she gently thought firmly refused herself to him.

"It is useless your going to Silverton Castle without me, and you must give me your advice at once. Come."

Then she led the way into the further room, and he, after a momentary hesitation, followed her.

Evening but no wild game." "What else can you do?" asked the daughter hopefully. "Yes; he did say something else, but it's no concern to you," and Mr. Liburne turned away.

Grace asked no more; she was beginning to feel like a creature at bay, hunted on every side with no avenue of escape.

Why did her father invite Roland Ayre, and why, above all things, had the invitation been accepted?

At one time, consternation gave place to regret, and she burst into tears.

"Your cousin gives a striking proof of innocence and away he goes, so he would never enter Silverton Castle again again he brought Kate with him, or came to meet her."

"And how do you know that he won't bring Kate with him?" asked Miriam Hindman boldly.

Grace looked after her for one moment with a scornful scowl then turned away without deigning to utter one word of rebuke.

"You notice, however, that her father was eager and nervous, and possibly excited, and that he looked younger and stronger than he had done for some months past.

"Surely papa does not think of marrying that horrid girl," Grace exclaimed as she watched her father and Miriam talking together in a confidential and off-hand manner.

"I shouldn't think he'd have the chance," returned Victor; "she's an uncommonly nice girl."

"At any rate, I didn't invite her here," retorted the young man angrily.

"Well, no, you couldn't very well, as it is my father's house," she replied.

"But I wonder since you admire her so much you don't marry her."

"I am like your father in that respect; I haven't the chance," he said coldly.

Then he crossed the room and joined the couple whom they had been talking.

Grace was very angry, but she did not follow him, and soon after this first gong sounded—a hint that it was time to dress for dinner.

Miriam Hindman, instead of going upstairs like the other girls, sauntered into a little study she knew of where she could sit in quietness and privacy.

Despite her assumption of cheerfulness and high spirits, her heart was fast and heavy.

Victor Gayherd had been the one of love of her life, and though they had parted in peace and anger more than a year ago, and just before her father had made his greater part of his fortune, she had never succeeded her friend in returning to her.

But this hope had died out now, for he was pledged to become the husband of another before twenty-four hours had passed.

She had seated herself on a hassock before the fire, her hands clasping her knees, her head buried in her hands, and she was thinking mournfully of the man she still loved so well.

"He will have a very miserable life," she mused, "particularly so if Grace does not get the large fortune she anticipates; and he will, no doubt, often wish he had not taken me at my word when I told him to go and find a richer wife. At no price think me bright and witty; I am a simpleton."

"I shall have no opportunity after to-night," she thought gloomily, "for tomorrow I shall have a party about me the whole time until I go to church, and after that I shall go away with Victor."

"Yes, it must be to-night. When the company are seated in the hall to play their tricks, I will slip away. I shall be less missed then than at any time."

She smiled as she came to this conclusion, and turned to answer a question which a gentleman at her side had asked.

CHAPTER VI.
WHAT GRACE SAW AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SHAFT.

The tables had been cleared away, the guests had returned to the grand hall, and dancing had been going on for nearly a couple of hours, when the band ceased playing and a company of conjurers and janglers, specially engaged for the occasion, made their appearance.

At the lights were lowered, and the large party of guests seated themselves in a half circle round the performers.

The host this evening was more restless, he was nervous and excited, and as the minutes and the hours went on he seemed to find it difficult to turn his eyes from the door.

"Are you expecting anybody, papay?"

Grace had asked him in once again.

"Yes—I don't know," he had replied impatiently; "don't mind me, go and amuse yourselves."

And he turned away as though annoyed at being questioned.

Grace was too much troubled with her own perplexities to pay much heed to what he said, and when the janglers commenced their tricks, and she heard all kinds of weird sounds from them, she rose from her seat and quietly left the room.

She had made all her preparations.

The previous year she had sold her delicate stress, and she remembered how Roland Ayre had looked at her as he pointed out the shaft.

bring such pain and humiliation upon her father. Nor you must keep your word and marry him, but I am sorry for you and—also—so sorry for myself."

She slipped away from him as she said this, and ran upstairs, but on her way to her own room to dress, she thought, as a species of self-mortification, she would go into Grace's room with her gown on, and try to be civil to her young host.

Many of the bridge-signals had clustered round the expectant bride, and took a great interest in the dress she was going to wear on this, the last evening when she would sit at the head of her father's table as the mistress of his household, and they admired ever again the very handsome troussseau with which she had been presented.

"You don't seem to have much jewelry," remarked Miriam Hindman. "I wish I had known it before, for I would have given you a bracelet as a wedding present instead of the silver dishes I brought with me."

"But I suppose your father will give you your jewels; she had a splendid collection, I know."

"Grace's jewels will go with her mortuary dress, namely, when there is proof that she is really dead; but if people talk such a story as that you did after all, it is not likely that anything romantic will convince him," piled Gayherd severely.

"I don't know if you should call it that, but it is a fact that she did not leave the room when she was lying on the floor, and she did not move, and she did not speak."

"She lay so still that when they entered the drawing-room they found the room quite empty."

Other people soon trooped in, however, and very soon the Couturiers found themselves sufficiently well-groomed after, despite their plain attire.

The rivals of the evening, however, were the bride-elect and her chief bridesmaid, Miriam Hindman.

Grace was dressed in pale blue, exquisitely patterned with cream lace and blush-roses, while her golden hair, her gold ornaments, and her bright blue eyes made her look bewitching in the extreme.

But her beauty was quite eclipsed when M. M. appeared.

The blonde wore rose-colored satin, half-covered with costly black lace looped with Elles-of-the-valley, while pearls and diamonds were clasped round her throat, and 'tides and diamonds shone in her jet-black hair.

Despite the fact that she was the most beautiful woman in the room, she was not the most admired, for she was the most talked about.

She was the most popular, and she was the most envied, and she was the most envied.

She was the most popular, and she was the most envied.

She was the most popular, and she was the most envied.

She was the most popular, and she was the most envied.

She was the most popular, and she was the most envied.

She was the most popular, and she was the most envied.

She was the most popular, and she was the most envied.

She was the most popular, and she was the most envied.

She was the most popular, and she was the most envied.

She was the most popular, and she was the most envied.

She was the most popular, and she was the most envied.

She was the most popular, and she was the most envied.

She was the most popular, and she was the most envied.

She was the most popular, and she was the most envied.

She was the most popular, and she was the most envied.

She was the most popular, and she was the most envied.

She was the most popular, and she was the most envied.

She was the most popular, and she was the most envied.

She was the most popular, and she was the most envied.

She was the most popular, and she was the most envied.

She was the most popular, and she was the most envied.

Now she was more prudent. She hastily buttoned on a dark mister that completely covered her pale-blue gown, and otherwise protected herself from the cold air, and even now, with a shudder, she was shivering.

She slipped away from him as she said this, and ran upstairs, but on her way to her own room to dress, she thought, as a species of self-mortification, she would go into Grace's room with her gown on, and try to be civil to her young host.

With her nerves strong by a nameless fear to the terrible task before her, Grace Liburne went swiftly to the chamber which, a year ago this very night had been the scene of such a cruel tragedy.

It was not until she had lighted the lantern and fastened the door behind her, and she felt herself quite alone, with the consciousness that her victim was lying only so many feet below the spot on which she stood, that her courage wavered, and for a few seconds she felt that she could not look upon the face of the dead.

Her courage soon returned and she knelt down on the floor and pressed the hidden spring with all her strength. Slowly the boards moved back, disclosing the large square aperture, from whence the wind came rushing up with a damp, mouldy smell that made her face turn pale.

She stood a few seconds, and then took the lantern and carefully examined the sides of the dark mystery-looking well.

Her heart stood still as she discovered that not only were the sides of the shaft formed of solid masonry which had been scarcely affected by the hand of time, that through the middle of the well there was a hole through which the water was flowing.

Grace was dressed in pale blue, exquisitely patterned with cream lace and blush-roses, while her golden hair, her gold ornaments, and her bright blue eyes made her look bewitching in the extreme.

But her beauty was quite eclipsed when M. M. appeared.

A PARISIAN MYSTERY.

An Affair Which Troubled the Paris Police.

The Singular Disappearance, the Accounting for Which Baffles All the Criminal Experts in France—Seeking for Sufficient Motives in Paris.

(Cor. Boston Journal.)

Paris, writes Edward King from Paris, is still the city of mysteries—or weird and strange crimes—and the populace daily has a good old-fashioned blood-curdling criminal mystery. The congeles de la mort. They sit in their loges after nightfall, in this October season, when the darkness falls early, and talk with bated breath of the latest sensation in the society which they so much affect. This sensation is Pel. Now Pel is a scientific, experimenting kind of clock-maker, a man of inventions—one whose restless, pluming eyes, dashed behind his spectacles, have frightened many a person who looked into his face, say the congeles. One day Pel came to live at Montreal, near Paris. He had a small house and only one servant, named Marie Boehmer. He shut himself up in a laboratory filled with strange instruments and noxious-looking fluids in green jars on the shelves. He worked all night, as if he had been seeking for the philosopher's stone. He now and then walked abroad, but the neighbors seemed to shun him as by instinct. One day the servant Marie Boehmer fell ill. She constantly complained of burning pains in her stomach. Some good souls went to attend her, and spread in the suburbs the report that she could not recover. On a certain evening they left her, promising to return at early morning. When they came next day they were met by the philosopher Pel. "She has gone away," he said. "Gone away," they repeated, in astonishment. "Why, we feared she would not live through the night!" "Nevertheless, she has gone; she asked me to go for a cab, which I did; she arose, dressed herself, and went off in the cab. I did not hear the direction she gave to the driver; but probably she has gone to a hospital." This singular statement satisfied the neighbors for only two hours, at the end of which time they searched the house. No Marie Boehmer. Then they went to gossip, and from gossip the process to denunciation. The result was that the philosopher Pel, who was found calmly paring his alabaster stumps, was arrested and sent off to Paris prison on suspicion of having murdered and concealed Marie Boehmer. Now came one person who told how Pel had been seen carrying mysterious packages away at night, to throw into the stream since the girl's disappearance. Now came another who had found a package of human hair in the well of M. Pel. "He is a poisoner," said everyone, and the congeles added that he was a magician who had sold his soul to the devil.

In prison Pel behaved like a true philosopher, and the police authorities were very much mystified. They found nothing at first in his dwelling which seemed to indicate a crime. His laboratory was filled with things which indicated that he was a profound student of toxicology. He said that he was an inventor—just he had invented a new powder which the Government had tried, and which would have been adopted had not a canon charged with this power exploded on the day of the decisive experiment and blown an officer to pieces. This trifling accident appeared to have prejudiced the Government against Pel's invention. His story concerning the powder procured him no sympathy. It was added that he had never been married, had always lived quietly with only one servant, like the one who had just disappeared, and, heaven bless her, he didn't know whether she had gone.

Pel's statement that he had never been married was presently shown to be untrue by no less a personage than the brother of his deceased wife, who had appeared upon the scene, and stated that he had married his sister when he had quite a little money, and that she died in horrible suffering. Pel, who had been living in the Avenue Kléber, disappeared soon after the wife was buried, for there was no investigation, although some of the friends thought the circumstances of the death unnatural. "Now," says the brother, "I believe Pel poisoned his wife, and I propose to have the body, which has been buried a year, exhumed and examined." At this, Pel, who had shown a fondness on being confronted with this truth, was greatly distressed. The police returned to his house at Montreal, and this time succeeded in finding a broken furnace, which showed signs of recent use. They conclude that he first poisoned and then cut up, and burned the body of Marie Boehmer; that he poisoned his wife, and, mounting a dreadful story has come in about a servant leaving his service in 1876, charging that his master was trying to poison her. Pel still denies, but evidence seems accumulating to crush him.

The mystery is in the motive which has actuated Pel. It, indeed, he has committed these crimes. The police incline to think that he has done all the crimes just for fun—as the Pomery boy tortured other children. That he is an agent in the composition of poisons there is no doubt. But he had no reason for poisoning his wife; he has a reasonably large income from his own property, and as to putting his servants out of the way, it could only have been done for the love of crime. It is thought that he will be proven to be a professional poisoner. But he may be innocent and the victim of circumstances. Furthermore he is a greater sensation than the meeting of the Chambers, or the nuns—sheep, or the tribe-leading opera by Anna.

—A Texas paper advertises that everything except silver-gilt will be taken in payment of subscriptions to that paper.

Arnica as Medicine.

The nature of arnica, so extensively employed as an outward application to sores and bruises, is prepared from plants nearly related to the common wild asters. There are numerous species, mostly natives of Europe, with two or three of North American origin. The one most popular is the Arnica montana, common throughout the greater part of Northern Europe and Asia, from the sea level to the region of perpetual snow on the mountains. It is a perennial, hairy plant, with large entire opposite leaves, the lower ones oblongating with fine nerves. The stems are branching, each bearing a terminal cluster of yellow flowers. It is a violent plant, possessing powerful narcotic properties, which are said by Lindley, in his "Medicinal Flora," to be due to the presence of an acid substance known as ecdysterin.

The active properties of arnica have probably been greatly exaggerated, for in some parts of Europe, especially in Germany, it is supposed to cure fever and ague, palsy and dysentery. Some of the German physicians are enthusiastic in its praise, considering it almost a specific in many diseases, although the proof of its curative powers has not only been questioned, but contradicted. It doubtless possesses curative properties that have their influence under proper conditions. In Russia it is a popular remedy for myopia, a disease of the eye, and is said to cure it in a few days. In the north of Europe and in the United States tincture of arnica is a popular remedy for wounds, bruises and sprains, a kind of family medicine or "cure-all" for ordinary accidents to the flesh. It is a powerful and somewhat poisonous preparation, and should not be taken within the reach of children or persons ignorant of its properties.

For sores on horses or cattle, especially sore shoulders and hunches on the legs, it is used to advantage with sulphate of zinc, in the proportion of two drachms of the latter and one of the arnica in a tincture in ten ounces of water. This preparation is believed to be more efficacious than the arnica alone, and every farmer and owner of animals should keep it on hand in case of need, or something of a similar nature. Arnica tincture is also given internally, as it is a stimulant and diuretic, a draught being considered a dose for a horse or ox, and about ten drops for a dog; but it is mostly used for external applications, being cooling and soothing. It is an excellent lotion for applying to the udders of cows affected with mastitis, as well as for other ailments already named. Elijay Dunn, a noted veterinary authority, says in his great work on "Veterinary Medicines, Their Actions and Uses," that arnica is irritant and stimulant, and for external use on horses with sore shoulders, bruises and wounds, he advises diluting the tincture with cold water at the time of application, one ounce of the tincture in twenty of water when applied to a raw sore.

The peasants of the Pyrenees are said to smoke the leaves as a salutary to prevent rheumatism and bad rheumatic diseases. Some of the North American species of arnica are very similar to the European. A mountain arnica is common from Pennsylvania southward, and doubtless possesses similar properties to the European species but as the latter thrives everywhere in the Northern States, there is no necessity of gathering the native plant.—*N. Y. J. S.*

"Watch that trunk," said the driver of a stagecoach to a negro passenger, "and if it falls off, tell me."

"All right, sah."

The coach jolted so quite a little during the night, the driver looking back asked,

"Is the trunk all right?"

"Darn' know, sah. It fell off."

"What?"

"Well, I'll tell you about it."

The coach jolted again quite a little, when the driver, looking back, asked,

"Is the trunk all right?"

"Darn' know, sah. It fell off."

"What?"

"Well, I'll tell you about it."

The coach jolted again quite a little, when the driver, looking back, asked,

"Is the trunk all right?"

"Darn' know, sah. It fell off."

"What?"

"Well, I'll tell you about it."

The coach jolted again quite a little, when the driver, looking back, asked,

"Is the trunk all right?"

"Darn' know, sah. It fell off."

"What?"

"Well, I'll tell you about it."

The coach jolted again quite a little, when the driver, looking back, asked,

"Is the trunk all right?"

"Darn' know, sah. It fell off."

"What?"

"Well, I'll tell you about it."

The coach jolted again quite a little, when the driver, looking back, asked,

"Is the trunk all right?"

"Darn' know, sah. It fell off."

"What?"

"Well, I'll tell you about it."

The coach jolted again quite a little, when the driver, looking back, asked,

"Is the trunk all right?"

"Darn' know, sah. It fell off."

"What?"

"Well, I'll tell you about it."

The coach jolted again quite a little, when the driver, looking back, asked,

"Is the trunk all right?"

"Darn' know, sah. It fell off."

"What?"

"Well, I'll tell you about it."

The coach jolted again quite a little, when the driver, looking back, asked,

"Is the trunk all right?"

"Darn' know, sah. It fell off."

"What?"

"Well, I'll tell you about it."

The coach jolted again quite a little, when the driver, looking back, asked,

"Is the trunk all right?"

"Darn' know, sah. It fell off."

"What?"

"Well, I'll tell you about it."

The coach jolted again quite a little, when the driver, looking back, asked,

"Is the trunk all right?"

"Darn' know, sah. It fell off."

"What?"

"Well, I'll tell you about it."

The coach jolted again quite a little, when the driver, looking back, asked,

"Is the trunk all right?"

"Darn' know, sah. It fell off."

"What?"

"Well, I'll tell you about it."

The coach jolted again quite a little, when the driver, looking back, asked,

"Is the trunk all right?"

"Darn' know, sah. It fell off."

"What?"

"Well, I'll tell you about it."

The coach jolted again quite a little, when the driver, looking back, asked,

"Is the trunk all right?"

"Darn' know, sah. It fell off."

"What?"

"Well, I'll tell you about it."

The coach jolted again quite a little, when the driver, looking back, asked,

"Is the trunk all right?"

"Darn' know, sah. It fell off."

"What?"

"Well, I'll tell you about it."

The coach jolted again quite a little, when the driver, looking back, asked,

"Is the trunk all right?"

"Darn' know, sah. It fell off."

"What?"

"Well, I'll tell you about it."

The coach jolted again quite a little, when the driver, looking back, asked,

"Is the trunk all right?"

"Darn' know, sah. It fell off."

"What?"

"Well, I'll tell you about it."

The coach jolted again quite a little, when the driver, looking back, asked,

"Is the trunk all right?"

"Darn' know, sah. It fell off."

"What?"

"Well, I'll tell you about it."

The coach jolted again quite a little, when the driver, looking back, asked,

"Is the trunk all right?"

"Darn' know, sah. It fell off."

"What?"

"Well, I'll tell you about it."

The coach jolted again quite a little, when the driver, looking back, asked,

"Is the trunk all right?"

"Darn' know, sah. It fell off."

"What?"

"Well, I'll tell you about it."

The coach jolted again quite a little, when the driver, looking back, asked,

"Is the trunk all right?"

"Darn' know, sah. It fell off."

"What?"

"Well, I'll tell you about it."

The coach jolted again quite a little, when the driver, looking back, asked,

"Is the trunk all right?"

"Darn' know, sah. It fell off."

"What?"

"Well, I'll tell you about it."

The coach jolted again quite a little, when the driver, looking back, asked,

"Is the trunk all right?"

"Darn' know, sah. It fell off."

"What?"

"Well, I'll tell you about it."

The coach jolted again quite a little, when the driver, looking back, asked,

"Is the trunk all right?"

"Darn' know, sah. It fell off."

"What?"

"Well, I'll tell you about it."

The coach jolted again quite a little, when the driver, looking back, asked,

"Is the trunk all right?"

"Darn' know, sah. It fell off."

"What?"

"Well, I'll tell you about it."

The coach jolted again quite a little, when the driver, looking back, asked,

"Is the trunk all right?"

"Darn' know, sah. It fell off."

"What?"

"Well, I'll tell you about it."

The coach jolted again quite a little, when the driver, looking back, asked,

"Is the trunk all right?"

"Darn' know, sah. It fell off."

"What?"

"Well, I'll tell you about it."

The coach jolted again quite a little, when the driver, looking back, asked,

"Is the trunk all right?"

"Darn' know, sah. It fell off."

"What?"

"Well, I'll tell you about it."

The coach jolted again quite a little, when the driver, looking back, asked,

"Is the trunk all right?"

"Darn' know, sah. It fell off."

"What?"

"Well, I'll tell you about it."

The coach jolted again quite a little, when the driver, looking back, asked,

"Is the trunk all right?"

"Darn' know, sah. It fell off."

"What?"

"Well, I'll tell you about it."

The coach jolted again quite a little, when the driver, looking back, asked,

"Is the trunk all right?"

"Darn' know, sah. It fell off."

"What?"

"Well, I'll tell you about it."

The coach jolted again quite a little, when the driver, looking back, asked,

"Is the trunk all right?"

"Darn' know, sah. It fell off."

"What?"

"Well, I'll tell you about it."

The coach jolted again quite a little, when the driver, looking back, asked,

"Is the trunk all right?"

"Darn' know, sah. It fell off."

"What?"

"Well, I'll tell you about it."

The coach jolted again quite a little, when the driver, looking back, asked,

"Is the trunk all right?"

"Darn' know, sah. It fell off."

"What?"

"Well, I'll tell you about it."

The coach jolted again quite a little, when the driver, looking back, asked,

"Is the trunk all right?"

"Darn' know, sah. It fell off."

"What?"

"Well, I'll tell you about it."

The coach jolted again quite a little, when the driver, looking back, asked,

"Is the trunk all right?"

"Darn' know, sah. It fell off."

"What?"

"Well, I'll tell you about it."

The coach jolted again quite a little, when the driver, looking back, asked,

"Is the trunk all right?"

"Darn' know, sah. It fell off."

"What?"

"Well, I'll tell you about it."

The coach jolted again quite a little, when the driver, looking back, asked,

"Is the trunk all right?"

"Darn' know, sah. It fell off."

"What?"

"Well, I'll tell you about it."

The coach jolted again quite a little, when the driver, looking back, asked,

"Is the trunk all right?"

"Darn' know, sah. It fell off."

"What?"

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF
BOOK AND JOB PRINTING,
Executed at the office of
The Qu'Appelle Progress.

Qu'Appelle Progress.

QU'APPELLE, NOV. 27, 1885.

HOME AND GOSSIP.

—Thawing.

—Bring in your wheat.

—B. Battery paraded yesterday

—More advertisements this week, read them.

—The farmers of the surrounding country will now find a good market here for their produce.

—Mild still, though we have had a slight sprinkling of "the beautiful" within the last few days.

—Miss Crawford of Salisbury Man., arrived in town yesterday to spend the winter with her sister Mrs. T. Lawson.

—We would direct the attention of our efficient Health Inspector, Mr. Daniels, to some dead hogs which are lying near Mr. A. J. Baker's stable.

—Mr. Wm. Henderson, Government Inspector of Public Works, and family have removed to Regina. In losing Mr. Henderson, Qu'Appelle loses a valuable citizen.

—All M. Masons in town and vicinity are requested to meet at the Queen's hotel this (Friday) evening at nine o'clock, to consider the advisability of organizing a Lodge of the order.

—We are pleased to learn that Mr. Geo. Henderson who has been suffering from a severe attack of erysipelas, is rapidly recovering under the skilful treatment of Dr. Edwards.

—The work of putting the machinery into the new flour mill is progressing rapidly, and the contractor, Mr. Jackson, says it will be ready for milling wheat in about a fortnight.

—The attendance at our school is increasing, and the crowded state of the school room should suggest the propriety of making preparations for erecting next season a building at least three times the size of the present one.

—A load of naval stores passed through here several days ago en route to the Pacific coast. It left Quebec on the 16th instant and reached Port Moody last Sunday, thus making the trip from ocean to ocean in six days.

—Mr. Danl. McDonald, Inspector of the Confederation Life Association visited Qu'Appelle this week, and appointed Mr. F. L. Osler, agent for the company. Parties will do well to get a life policy in this old and reliable company from Mr. Osler.

—Collector Fallis has completed one round of the municipality. If he is required to call again the tax-payer will have to pay mileage, and perhaps costs. Delinquents will do well to take the hint, as they will not be let off as they were last year.

—Mr. Austin English leaves this week for Cobourg, Ont., on a visit to his parents. He expects to return in March. Dame Rumor reports that he is likely to devote his attention largely to immigration matters, and as a consequence it is thought he will bring some more "English" back with him.

—On Friday evening last Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin, of the Regina Leader, delivered his excellent Lecture on the "British House of Commons", to a very intelligent audience in the Presbyterian church. The chair was occupied by the Rev. Mr. Hamilton, and for an hour and a half Mr. Davin by his vivid portraiture transported his hearers to the legislative chamber of the British Empire. The lecture was indeed a rare treat, and all present declared that it was one of the best they ever had the privilege of hearing.

—D. H. McMillan & Bro. will pay cash for any quantity of good wheat.

—Don't knock at the door of a printing office; walk right in and pay your dollar.

—THE PROGRESS has secured a corner lot on the north east corner of Tenth Avenue and Walsh Street, within three hundred feet of the post office. An office will be erected on it next spring and our business removed to it.

—Rev. C. Williams, of Moosejaw, will preach a special missionary sermon in the Methodist Church next Sunday evening. On the following Tuesday evening a platform missionary meeting will be held, to be addressed by Rev. Messrs. Darwin, Williams and Lawson.

—Messrs. D. H. McMillan & Bro. have placed a buyer here to purchase wheat for their mill, which will shortly be in running order. They will give Portage la Prairie and Brandon prices. Being determined to get all the wheat possible, farmers may expect the highest prices. Several large lots of No. 1 hard have been purchased at 65 cents.

—We would draw the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the Nor'-West Farmer in another column. The Nor'-West Farmer has on foot a premium scheme in which everybody should participate. Write to the office of the publishers Winnipeg, for the premium list or call at this office where copies may be had and subscriptions will be taken. No farmer can afford to be without the Nor'-West Farmer.

—About one thousand feet of lumber that was piled near one of the churches in town was recently stolen. It is enough to steal from a private individual, but when it comes down to church property, it is simply contemptible. It seems, however, the guilty party is likely to be brought to justice. Sufficient clue has been obtained to warrant an arrest and conviction. In a new country people are compelled for want of accommodation to publicly expose their property, and as a general thing they run very little risk, such is the honesty of the pioneer, but occasionally a being erected upon two legs, bearing all the outward resemblance of a man finds his way in to a country, and almost immediately that sense of security which hitherto existed, gives place to suspicion and distrust. It becomes a public benediction when characters of that kind are captured and placed in such circumstances as will lead them to a higher sense of right, and enlarged views as to the moral end of man's existence.

—We inadvertently omitted from our last issue the result of the following up of the Indians who raided some houses in tip. 19, r. 16, reported in our first issue. Mr. Wm. McMillan alone followed the miscreants and overtook them towards evening camped for the night. They had selected a dried up slough among some bluffs at their camping ground, and as Mr. McMillen was riding along, he heard the report of a gun, firmly grasping his trusty carbine, he boldly went into the camp, and soon spotted some of the missing property. He ordered them to deliver up the various articles, but when apparently all had been restored he still missed one of his own shirts. On closer scrutiny, he found one of the squaws clothed in a dress belonging to the wife of one of his neighbors; he ordered her to take it off, when his shirt appeared to view. A peremptory order to hand over the shirt left the squaw with no other covering than that provided by nature. Mr. McMillen beat a hasty retreat with the recovered property. The whole proceeding was the act of a brave man, as the camp was composed of five Indians and four squaws. They were travelling in the direction of Piapot's reserve, to which they apparently belonged, and near which they were at the time of the rescue of the property.

—MCLEAN.

—Mr. Jim Crook's family has arrived from Manitoba.

—The family of Mr. Jas. Cowan, sen., have arrived from Palmerston, Ont.

EDGLEY.

—The Edgley farm have reduced the wages of their men to winter rates.

—Mr. Frank Goodwin has been offered 65 cents per bushel for his wheat crop, delivered at Qu'Appelle station.

—Mrs. Wittingham, senior and junior, are preparing to spend the winter in Ontario.

—Rev. Mr. Williams, of Moosejaw, will preach the missionary sermon in the Methodist Church on the 29th inst. A public meeting will be held on the following evening, when addresses will be delivered by Rev. Messrs. Darwin, Williams and Lawson.

◆ ◆ ◆
INDIAN HEAD.

—Grain is coming in very fast.

—The municipal council meets on Tuesday next.

—D. H. McMillan & Bro. have placed a buyer here to purchase wheat for their mill at Qu'Appelle Station.

—The Qu'Appelle Valley Farming Co. are now paying cash for wheat or full weight in flour. Their mill is now running day and night, another set of men having been placed on. They have a special arrangement with the C. P. R. for sending grain in transit and for small lots shipped from stations between and including Moose Jaw and Broadview.

—Wm. McGough, referred to in Free Press despatches a few days ago as having been arrested at Toronto, was employed as a farm laborer by Mr. A. Pugsley at Indian Head. He was discharged recently, and while en route to Winnipeg fell in with O Shilson. When they separated the latter discovered that he was short \$250 through a cut pocket. As McGough had no money, and had not been paid for his summer work, suspicion fastened on him. Shilson telephoned to Brandon and Winnipeg to have him held; but for some unknown reason, he got by those places. As it was known that his home was at Batrie, and that he might possibly go there, word was sent to the chief of police, Toronto, and McGough was promptly arrested on arrival of train at the Union station on Monday morning. Informations have been sworn out and a policeman from Regina will be sent to bring him back for trial. On being searched at Toronto \$189 was found on his person, but he denies having stolen it and claims that the money is his own.

—We inadvertently omitted from our last issue the result of the following up of the Indians who raided some houses in tip. 19, r. 16, reported in our first issue. Mr. Wm. McMillan alone followed the miscreants and overtook them towards evening camped for the night. They had selected a dried up slough among some bluffs at their camping ground, and as Mr. McMillen was riding along, he heard the report of a gun, firmly grasping his trusty carbine, he boldly went into the camp, and soon spotted some of the missing property. He ordered them to deliver up the various articles, but when apparently all had been restored he still missed one of his own shirts. On closer scrutiny, he found one of the squaws clothed in a dress belonging to the wife of one of his neighbors; he ordered her to take it off, when his shirt appeared to view. A peremptory order to hand over the shirt left the squaw with no other covering than that provided by nature. Mr. McMillen beat a hasty retreat with the recovered property. The whole proceeding was the act of a brave man, as the camp was composed of five Indians and four squaws. They were travelling in the direction of Piapot's reserve, to which they apparently belonged, and near which they were at the time of the rescue of the property.

—We inadvertently omitted from our last issue the result of the following up of the Indians who raided some houses in tip. 19, r. 16, reported in our first issue. Mr. Wm. McMillan alone followed the miscreants and overtook them towards evening camped for the night. They had selected a dried up slough among some bluffs at their camping ground, and as Mr. McMillen was riding along, he heard the report of a gun, firmly grasping his trusty carbine, he boldly went into the camp, and soon spotted some of the missing property. He ordered them to deliver up the various articles, but when apparently all had been restored he still missed one of his own shirts. On closer scrutiny, he found one of the squaws clothed in a dress belonging to the wife of one of his neighbors; he ordered her to take it off, when his shirt appeared to view. A peremptory order to hand over the shirt left the squaw with no other covering than that provided by nature. Mr. McMillen beat a hasty retreat with the recovered property. The whole proceeding was the act of a brave man, as the camp was composed of five Indians and four squaws. They were travelling in the direction of Piapot's reserve, to which they apparently belonged, and near which they were at the time of the rescue of the property.

—We inadvertently omitted from our last issue the result of the following up of the Indians who raided some houses in tip. 19, r. 16, reported in our first issue. Mr. Wm. McMillan alone followed the miscreants and overtook them towards evening camped for the night. They had selected a dried up slough among some bluffs at their camping ground, and as Mr. McMillen was riding along, he heard the report of a gun, firmly grasping his trusty carbine, he boldly went into the camp, and soon spotted some of the missing property. He ordered them to deliver up the various articles, but when apparently all had been restored he still missed one of his own shirts. On closer scrutiny, he found one of the squaws clothed in a dress belonging to the wife of one of his neighbors; he ordered her to take it off, when his shirt appeared to view. A peremptory order to hand over the shirt left the squaw with no other covering than that provided by nature. Mr. McMillen beat a hasty retreat with the recovered property. The whole proceeding was the act of a brave man, as the camp was composed of five Indians and four squaws. They were travelling in the direction of Piapot's reserve, to which they apparently belonged, and near which they were at the time of the rescue of the property.

—We inadvertently omitted from our last issue the result of the following up of the Indians who raided some houses in tip. 19, r. 16, reported in our first issue. Mr. Wm. McMillan alone followed the miscreants and overtook them towards evening camped for the night. They had selected a dried up slough among some bluffs at their camping ground, and as Mr. McMillen was riding along, he heard the report of a gun, firmly grasping his trusty carbine, he boldly went into the camp, and soon spotted some of the missing property. He ordered them to deliver up the various articles, but when apparently all had been restored he still missed one of his own shirts. On closer scrutiny, he found one of the squaws clothed in a dress belonging to the wife of one of his neighbors; he ordered her to take it off, when his shirt appeared to view. A peremptory order to hand over the shirt left the squaw with no other covering than that provided by nature. Mr. McMillen beat a hasty retreat with the recovered property. The whole proceeding was the act of a brave man, as the camp was composed of five Indians and four squaws. They were travelling in the direction of Piapot's reserve, to which they apparently belonged, and near which they were at the time of the rescue of the property.

—We inadvertently omitted from our last issue the result of the following up of the Indians who raided some houses in tip. 19, r. 16, reported in our first issue. Mr. Wm. McMillan alone followed the miscreants and overtook them towards evening camped for the night. They had selected a dried up slough among some bluffs at their camping ground, and as Mr. McMillen was riding along, he heard the report of a gun, firmly grasping his trusty carbine, he boldly went into the camp, and soon spotted some of the missing property. He ordered them to deliver up the various articles, but when apparently all had been restored he still missed one of his own shirts. On closer scrutiny, he found one of the squaws clothed in a dress belonging to the wife of one of his neighbors; he ordered her to take it off, when his shirt appeared to view. A peremptory order to hand over the shirt left the squaw with no other covering than that provided by nature. Mr. McMillen beat a hasty retreat with the recovered property. The whole proceeding was the act of a brave man, as the camp was composed of five Indians and four squaws. They were travelling in the direction of Piapot's reserve, to which they apparently belonged, and near which they were at the time of the rescue of the property.

—We inadvertently omitted from our last issue the result of the following up of the Indians who raided some houses in tip. 19, r. 16, reported in our first issue. Mr. Wm. McMillan alone followed the miscreants and overtook them towards evening camped for the night. They had selected a dried up slough among some bluffs at their camping ground, and as Mr. McMillen was riding along, he heard the report of a gun, firmly grasping his trusty carbine, he boldly went into the camp, and soon spotted some of the missing property. He ordered them to deliver up the various articles, but when apparently all had been restored he still missed one of his own shirts. On closer scrutiny, he found one of the squaws clothed in a dress belonging to the wife of one of his neighbors; he ordered her to take it off, when his shirt appeared to view. A peremptory order to hand over the shirt left the squaw with no other covering than that provided by nature. Mr. McMillen beat a hasty retreat with the recovered property. The whole proceeding was the act of a brave man, as the camp was composed of five Indians and four squaws. They were travelling in the direction of Piapot's reserve, to which they apparently belonged, and near which they were at the time of the rescue of the property.

—We inadvertently omitted from our last issue the result of the following up of the Indians who raided some houses in tip. 19, r. 16, reported in our first issue. Mr. Wm. McMillan alone followed the miscreants and overtook them towards evening camped for the night. They had selected a dried up slough among some bluffs at their camping ground, and as Mr. McMillen was riding along, he heard the report of a gun, firmly grasping his trusty carbine, he boldly went into the camp, and soon spotted some of the missing property. He ordered them to deliver up the various articles, but when apparently all had been restored he still missed one of his own shirts. On closer scrutiny, he found one of the squaws clothed in a dress belonging to the wife of one of his neighbors; he ordered her to take it off, when his shirt appeared to view. A peremptory order to hand over the shirt left the squaw with no other covering than that provided by nature. Mr. McMillen beat a hasty retreat with the recovered property. The whole proceeding was the act of a brave man, as the camp was composed of five Indians and four squaws. They were travelling in the direction of Piapot's reserve, to which they apparently belonged, and near which they were at the time of the rescue of the property.

—We inadvertently omitted from our last issue the result of the following up of the Indians who raided some houses in tip. 19, r. 16, reported in our first issue. Mr. Wm. McMillan alone followed the miscreants and overtook them towards evening camped for the night. They had selected a dried up slough among some bluffs at their camping ground, and as Mr. McMillen was riding along, he heard the report of a gun, firmly grasping his trusty carbine, he boldly went into the camp, and soon spotted some of the missing property. He ordered them to deliver up the various articles, but when apparently all had been restored he still missed one of his own shirts. On closer scrutiny, he found one of the squaws clothed in a dress belonging to the wife of one of his neighbors; he ordered her to take it off, when his shirt appeared to view. A peremptory order to hand over the shirt left the squaw with no other covering than that provided by nature. Mr. McMillen beat a hasty retreat with the recovered property. The whole proceeding was the act of a brave man, as the camp was composed of five Indians and four squaws. They were travelling in the direction of Piapot's reserve, to which they apparently belonged, and near which they were at the time of the rescue of the property.

—We inadvertently omitted from our last issue the result of the following up of the Indians who raided some houses in tip. 19, r. 16, reported in our first issue. Mr. Wm. McMillan alone followed the miscreants and overtook them towards evening camped for the night. They had selected a dried up slough among some bluffs at their camping ground, and as Mr. McMillen was riding along, he heard the report of a gun, firmly grasping his trusty carbine, he boldly went into the camp, and soon spotted some of the missing property. He ordered them to deliver up the various articles, but when apparently all had been restored he still missed one of his own shirts. On closer scrutiny, he found one of the squaws clothed in a dress belonging to the wife of one of his neighbors; he ordered her to take it off, when his shirt appeared to view. A peremptory order to hand over the shirt left the squaw with no other covering than that provided by nature. Mr. McMillen beat a hasty retreat with the recovered property. The whole proceeding was the act of a brave man, as the camp was composed of five Indians and four squaws. They were travelling in the direction of Piapot's reserve, to which they apparently belonged, and near which they were at the time of the rescue of the property.

—We inadvertently omitted from our last issue the result of the following up of the Indians who raided some houses in tip. 19, r. 16, reported in our first issue. Mr. Wm. McMillan alone followed the miscreants and overtook them towards evening camped for the night. They had selected a dried up slough among some bluffs at their camping ground, and as Mr. McMillen was riding along, he heard the report of a gun, firmly grasping his trusty carbine, he boldly went into the camp, and soon spotted some of the missing property. He ordered them to deliver up the various articles, but when apparently all had been restored he still missed one of his own shirts. On closer scrutiny, he found one of the squaws clothed in a dress belonging to the wife of one of his neighbors; he ordered her to take it off, when his shirt appeared to view. A peremptory order to hand over the shirt left the squaw with no other covering than that provided by nature. Mr. McMillen beat a hasty retreat with the recovered property. The whole proceeding was the act of a brave man, as the camp was composed of five Indians and four squaws. They were travelling in the direction of Piapot's reserve, to which they apparently belonged, and near which they were at the time of the rescue of the property.

—We inadvertently omitted from our last issue the result of the following up of the Indians who raided some houses in tip. 19, r. 16, reported in our first issue. Mr. Wm. McMillan alone followed the miscreants and overtook them towards evening camped for the night. They had selected a dried up slough among some bluffs at their camping ground, and as Mr. McMillen was riding along, he heard the report of a gun, firmly grasping his trusty carbine, he boldly went into the camp, and soon spotted some of the missing property. He ordered them to deliver up the various articles, but when apparently all had been restored he still missed one of his own shirts. On closer scrutiny, he found one of the squaws clothed in a dress belonging to the wife of one of his neighbors; he ordered her to take it off, when his shirt appeared to view. A peremptory order to hand over the shirt left the squaw with no other covering than that provided by nature. Mr. McMillen beat a hasty retreat with the recovered property. The whole proceeding was the act of a brave man, as the camp was composed of five Indians and four squaws. They were travelling in the direction of Piapot's reserve, to which they apparently belonged, and near which they were at the time of the rescue of the property.

—We inadvertently omitted from our last issue the result of the following up of the Indians who raided some houses in tip. 19, r. 16, reported in our first issue. Mr. Wm. McMillan alone followed the miscreants and overtook them towards evening camped for the night. They had selected a dried up slough among some bluffs at their camping ground, and as Mr. McMillen was riding along, he heard the report of a gun, firmly grasping his trusty carbine, he boldly went into the camp, and soon spotted some of the missing property. He ordered them to deliver up the various articles, but when apparently all had been restored he still missed one of his own shirts. On closer scrutiny, he found one of the squaws clothed in a dress belonging to the wife of one of his neighbors; he ordered her to take it off, when his shirt appeared to view. A peremptory order to hand over the shirt left the squaw with no other covering than that provided by nature. Mr. McMillen beat a hasty retreat with the recovered property. The whole proceeding was the act of a brave man, as the camp was composed of five Indians and four squaws. They were travelling in the direction of Piapot's reserve, to which they apparently belonged, and near which they were at the time of the rescue of the property.

—We inadvertently omitted from our last issue the result of the following up of the Indians who raided some houses in tip. 19, r. 16, reported in our first issue. Mr. Wm. McMillan alone followed the miscreants and overtook them towards evening camped for the night. They had selected a dried up slough among some bluffs at their camping ground, and as Mr. McMillen was riding along, he heard the report of a gun, firmly grasping his trusty carbine, he boldly went into the camp, and soon spotted some of the missing property. He ordered them to deliver up the various articles, but when apparently all had been restored he still missed one of his own shirts. On closer scrutiny, he found one of the squaws clothed in a dress belonging to the wife of one of his neighbors; he ordered her to take it off, when his shirt appeared to view. A peremptory order to hand over the shirt left the squaw with no other covering than that provided by nature. Mr. McMillen beat a hasty retreat with the recovered property. The whole proceeding was the act of a brave man, as the camp was composed of five Indians and four squaws. They were travelling in the direction of Piapot's reserve, to which they apparently belonged, and near which they were at the time of the rescue of the property.

—We inadvertently omitted from our last issue the result of the following up of the Indians who raided some houses in tip. 19, r. 16, reported in our first issue. Mr. Wm. McMillan alone followed the miscreants and overtook them towards evening camped for the night. They had selected a dried up slough among some bluffs at their camping ground, and as Mr. McMillen was riding along, he heard the report of a gun, firmly grasping his trusty carbine, he boldly went into the camp, and soon spotted some of the missing property. He ordered them to deliver up the various articles, but when apparently all had been restored he still missed one of his own shirts. On closer scrutiny, he found one of the squaws clothed in a dress belonging to the wife of one of his neighbors; he ordered her to take it off, when his shirt appeared to view. A peremptory order to hand over the shirt left the squaw with no other covering than that provided by nature. Mr. McMillen beat a hasty retreat with the recovered property. The whole proceeding was the act of a brave man, as the camp was composed of five Indians and four squaws. They were travelling in the direction of Piapot's reserve, to which they apparently belonged, and near which they were at the time of the rescue of the property.

—We inadvertently omitted from our last issue the result of the following up of the Indians who raided some houses in tip. 19, r. 16, reported in our first issue. Mr. Wm. McMillan alone followed the miscreants and overtook them towards evening camped for the night. They had selected a dried up slough among some bluffs at their camping ground, and as Mr. McMillen was riding along, he heard the report of a gun, firmly grasping his trusty carbine, he boldly went into the camp, and soon spotted some of the missing property. He ordered them to deliver up the various articles, but when apparently all had been restored he still missed one of his own shirts. On closer scrutiny, he found one of the squaws clothed in a dress belonging to the wife of one of his neighbors; he ordered her to take it off, when his shirt appeared to view. A peremptory order to hand over the shirt left the squaw with no other covering than that provided by nature. Mr. McMillen beat a hasty retreat with the recovered property. The whole proceeding was the act of a brave man, as the camp was composed of five Indians and four squaws. They were travelling in the direction of Piapot's reserve, to which they apparently belonged, and near which they were at the time of the rescue of the property.

—We inadvertently omitted from our last issue the result of the following up of the Indians who raided some houses in tip. 19, r. 16, reported in our first issue. Mr. Wm. McMillan alone followed the miscreants and overtook them towards evening camped for the night. They had selected a dried up slough among some bluffs at their camping ground, and as Mr. McMillen was riding along, he heard the report of a gun, firmly grasping his trusty carbine, he boldly went into the camp, and soon spotted some of the missing property. He ordered them to deliver up the various articles, but when apparently all had been restored he still missed one of his own shirts. On closer scrutiny, he found one of the squaws clothed in a dress belonging to the wife of one of his neighbors; he ordered her to take it off, when his shirt appeared to view. A peremptory order to hand over the shirt left the squaw with no other covering than that provided by nature. Mr. McMillen beat a hasty retreat with the recovered property. The whole proceeding was the act of a brave man, as the camp was composed of five Indians and four squaws. They were travelling in the direction of Piapot's reserve, to which they apparently belonged, and near which they were at the time of the rescue of the property.

—We inadvertently omitted from our last issue the result of the following up of the Indians who raided some houses in tip. 19, r. 16, reported in our first issue. Mr. Wm. McMillan alone followed the miscreants and overtook them towards evening camped for the night. They had selected a dried up slough among some bluffs at their camping ground, and as Mr. McMillen was riding along, he heard the report of a gun, firmly grasping his trusty carbine, he boldly went into the camp, and soon spotted some of the missing property. He ordered them to deliver up the various articles, but when apparently all had been restored he still missed one of his own shirts. On closer scrutiny, he found one of the squaws clothed in a dress belonging to the wife of one of his neighbors; he ordered her to take it off, when his shirt appeared to view. A peremptory order to hand over the shirt left the squaw with no other covering than that provided by nature. Mr. McMillen beat a hasty retreat with the recovered property. The whole proceeding was the act of a brave man, as the camp was composed of five Indians and four squaws. They were travelling in the direction of Piapot's reserve, to which they apparently belonged, and near which they were at the time of the rescue of the property.

—We inadvertently omitted from our last issue the result of the following up of the Indians who raided some houses in tip. 19, r. 16, reported in our first issue. Mr. Wm. McMillan alone followed the miscreants and overtook them towards evening camped for the night. They had selected a dried up slough among some bluffs at their camping ground, and as Mr. McMillen was riding along, he heard the report of a gun, firmly grasping his trusty carbine, he boldly went into the camp, and soon spotted some of the missing property. He ordered them to deliver up the various articles, but when apparently all had been restored he still missed one of his own shirts. On closer scrutiny, he found one of the squaws clothed in a dress belonging to the wife of one of his neighbors; he ordered her to take it off, when his shirt appeared to view. A peremptory order to hand over the shirt left the squaw with no other covering than that provided by nature. Mr. McMillen beat a hasty retreat with the recovered property. The whole proceeding was the act of a brave man, as the camp was composed of five Indians and four squaws. They were travelling in the direction of Piapot's reserve, to which they apparently belonged, and near which they were at the time of the rescue of the property.

—We inadvertently omitted from our last issue the result of the following up of the Indians who raided some houses in tip. 19, r. 16, reported in our first issue. Mr. Wm. McMillan alone followed the miscreants and overtook them towards evening camped for the night. They had selected a dried up slough among some bluffs at their camping ground, and as Mr. McMillen was riding along, he heard the report of a gun, firmly grasping his trusty carbine, he boldly went into the camp, and soon spotted some of the missing property. He ordered them to deliver up the various articles, but when apparently all had been restored he still missed one of his own shirts. On closer scrutiny, he found one of the squaws clothed in a dress belonging to the wife of one of his neighbors; he ordered her to take it off, when his shirt appeared to view. A peremptory order to hand over the shirt left the squaw with no other covering than that provided by nature. Mr. McMillen beat a hasty retreat with the recovered property. The whole proceeding was the act of a brave man, as the camp was composed of five Indians and four squaws. They were travelling in the direction of Piapot's reserve, to which they apparently belonged, and near which they were at the time of the rescue of the property.

—We inadvertently omitted from our last issue the result of the following up of the Indians who raided some houses in tip. 19, r. 16, reported in our first issue. Mr. Wm. McMillan alone followed the miscreants and overtook them towards evening camped for the night. They had selected a dried up slough among some bluffs at their camping ground, and as Mr. McMillen was riding along, he heard the report of a gun, firmly grasping his trusty carbine, he boldly went into the camp, and soon spotted some of the missing property. He ordered them to deliver up the various articles, but when apparently all had been restored he still missed one of his own shirts. On closer scrutiny, he found one of the squaws clothed in a dress belonging to the wife of one of his neighbors; he ordered her to take it off, when his shirt appeared to view. A peremptory order to hand over the shirt left the squaw with no other covering than that provided by nature. Mr. McMillen beat a hasty retreat with the recovered property. The whole proceeding was the act of a brave man, as the camp was composed of five Indians and four squaws. They were travelling in the direction of Piapot's reserve, to which they apparently belonged, and near which they were at the time of the rescue of the property.

—We inadvertently omitted from our last issue the result of the following up of the Indians who raided some houses in tip. 19, r. 16, reported in our first issue. Mr. Wm. McMillan alone followed the miscreants and overtook them towards evening camped for the night. They had selected a dried up slough among some bluffs at their camping ground, and as Mr. McMillen was riding along, he heard the report of a gun, firmly grasping his trusty carbine, he boldly went into the camp, and soon spotted some of the missing property. He ordered them to deliver up the various articles, but when apparently all had been restored he still missed one of his own shirts. On closer scrutiny, he found one of the squaws clothed in a dress belonging to the wife of one of his neighbors; he ordered her to take it off, when his shirt appeared to view. A peremptory order to hand over the shirt left the squaw with no other covering than that provided by nature. Mr. McMillen beat a hasty retreat with the recovered property. The whole proceeding was the act of a brave man, as the camp was composed of five Indians and four squaws. They were travelling in the direction of Piapot's reserve, to which they apparently belonged, and near which they were at the time of the rescue of the property.

—We inadvertently omitted from our last issue the result of the following up of the Indians who raided some houses in tip. 19, r. 16, reported in our first issue. Mr. Wm. McMillan alone followed the miscreants and overtook them towards evening camped for the night. They had selected a dried up slough among some bluffs at their camping ground, and as Mr. McMillen was riding along, he heard the report of a gun, firmly grasping his trusty carbine, he boldly went into the camp, and soon spotted some of the missing property. He ordered them to deliver up the various articles, but when apparently all had been restored he still missed one of his own shirts. On closer scrutiny, he found one of the squaws clothed in a dress belonging to the wife of one of his neighbors; he ordered her to take it off, when his shirt appeared to view. A peremptory order to hand over the shirt left the squaw with no other covering than that provided by nature. Mr. McMillen beat a hasty retreat with the recovered property. The whole proceeding was the act of a brave man, as the camp was composed of five Indians and four squaws. They were travelling in the direction of Piapot's reserve, to which they apparently belonged, and near which they were at the time of the rescue of the property.

—We inadvertently omitted from our last issue the result of the following up of the Indians who raided some houses in tip. 19, r. 16, reported in our first issue. Mr. Wm. McMillan alone followed the miscreants and overtook them towards evening camped for the night. They had selected a dried up slough among some bluffs at their camping ground, and as Mr. McMillen was riding along, he heard the report of a gun, firmly grasping his trusty carbine, he boldly went into the camp, and soon spotted some of the missing property. He ordered them to deliver up the various articles, but when apparently all had been restored he still missed one of his own shirts. On closer scrutiny, he found one of the squaws clothed in a dress belonging to the wife of one of his neighbors; he ordered her to take it off, when his shirt appeared to view. A peremptory order to hand over the shirt left the squaw